

Midnight

orphan_account

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Category: IT (2017)

Genre: First Kiss, Fluff, M/M, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, honestly just fluff for my boys

Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-10-02

Updated: 2017-10-02

Packaged: 2020-01-23 17:15:24

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,582

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Eddie knocks on Richie's door at midnight. Richie lets him stay the night.

Midnight

Author's Note:

prepare for the fluff

It was 12:01 when Richie heard a knock at his door and he couldn't help but feel a sinking feeling in his stomach.

So many scenarios raced through Richie's mind but Pennywise's haunting eyes nagged at the back of his head. There's no way it could be that stupid clown right? Richie told himself as he crept down the stairs.

Three more light knocks made the hair on the back of Richie's neck stand on end.

Pennywise the Dancing Clown wouldn't knock on his door – murderous clowns don't find the decency to *knock*, half of Richie's mind told him. Yet the other half knew that the demonic clown loved to play with his food before eating it, just like the feral and morbidly obese grey cat that lived next door.

It had been months since the final showdown but Richie (and everyone else) were still jumpy and overly cautious – as expected; they had been cursed with a violent trauma, impossible to shake. Richie swallowed his fear and clasped the first thing he saw from the kitchen sink to his chest on his way to the front door. The old floor boards creaked under the boy's weight and his heart hammered violently in the confines of his chest. He took a deep breath, wielded the utensil behind his head and opened the door.

“Hey sor-” Eddie Kaspbrak stopped mid-sentence, his hands deep in the comfort of his pristine sweatpants.

“Why do you have a frickin spatula!?” Eddie screeched at the same time Richie yelled unintelligible threats at who he thought was an intruder.

Richie's heart was still beating rapidly as he lowered the spatula.

Eddie's eyes were wide – not with fright but with surprise (I suppose he hadn't been threatened with a spatula before) as he stood awkwardly on his friend's doorstep and Richie's eyes were wide with adrenaline.

"Why are you knocking on my door in the middle of the fucking night?"

"I knew you'd be awake!" Eddie exclaimed and looked down at his sneakers. "I didn't want to be in that house with her." His voice had lowered to a painful whisper for Richie to hear.

The tone of Eddie's last sentence hit him hard in the chest.

"Well I thought you were an intruder. Lucky I didn't pummel you to death Eddie Spaghetti!"

Eddie laughed at this, the sound spilling out onto the empty street. "With an egg flip?"

"Ohh you'd be mighty surprised at what I can do with this spatula ol' chap," Richie exclaimed, waving the spatula around like a knight with a sword.

Eddie laughed some more, as he always did when he was with Richie. Eddie loved his mother- he truly did- but whenever he was with Richard Tozier, that - *that* was when he was happiest.

"C'mon Eds, my folks are out like always, you can crash here." Richie said, ruffled Eddie's neatly combed hair and led him up the staircase.

Eddie's heart took a small but noticeable leap as Richie took Eddie's hand in his own and he smiled. The kind of smile that blossomed on his face whenever Richie would ask him to hang out, or when Richie would playfully kiss his cheek or call him *his* Eddie Spaghetti, whenever Richie was around, Eddie seemed to be smiling. Why? Because he was head over heels in love with the boy, but God-forbid if you tell anyone Eddie would just die of embarrassment.

"Oh my dear Eddie-Bear, you must be tired... but fear not milady! I offer my humble bed to you with kind regards!" Richie announced, louder than necessary at this ungodly hour. Eddie didn't mind. Eddie

never minded.

“No it’s fine Rich, I’ll sleep on the floor,” Eddie smiled, half because of Richie’s consideration and half because of the nickname. Yes; Eddie hated it when his mother called him Eddie-Bear but something about the endearing way Richie articulated those words made him melt and grin from ear-to-ear.

“I’m hurt – you don’t really think I have diseases... do you?” Richie feigned hurt and placed a hand over his heart. Eddie could just tell that a part of his friend wasn’t just feigning it.

“No no! I just don’t want you to have to sleep next to me,” *and I think if you did I’d pass-out.*

“No don’t be dim! C’mon my diseases aren’t contagious Eddie-Bear!” Richie joked, internally praying he’d say yes. Richie would give anything to sleep with Eddie Kaspbrak in his arms – let alone in his bed. This was a step in the right direction.

“Okay fine but if you wake me up with your sleep-talking I’m going to suffocate you with this pillow,” Eddie warned jokingly, throwing a pillow at Richie’s face and pulling back the messy blankets to slip his small body under them. Richie thought he looked adorable. He thought he had never seen something so damn cute in his entire 14 years of living.

“You are going to be the death of me one day Eddie-Bear,” Richie smiled and climbed in next to Eddie. Eddie had positioned himself right on the edge of Richie’s bed – if he moved an inch to the right he’d be on the ground. Richie turned to face him.

Eddie had been looking up at Richie’s ceiling fan but could no longer avoid the boy’s gaze when Richie made no advance to look away. Eddie looked to his left to see Richie’s crooked glasses and he giggled softly, and then shuffled closer to the foul-mouthed boy. Richie had nervously wondered what the other was doing when he got so close that their knees were touching beneath the covers – something that made both boys blush – and so close that their noses would touch if one of them moved in the slightest.

Reaching his hand up, Eddie attempted to steady his breath, not wanting to give away how nervous and flustered he was at the close proximity (little did he know Richie was too focused on his own reactions to notice). Richie watched Eddie's left hand intensely as it rose up, up closer to his face and for a second there he thought Eddie was going to touch his hair, but that theory was dismissed when Eddie's thumb and index finger settled on the brim of his glasses lens.

The smile reappeared on Eddie's face when he pulled the glasses away from Richie's face and then leant over him to set them down on his bedside table.

"You can't sleep with glasses on silly," Eddie grinned wider, unable to stop it while he looked into Richie's questioning eyes. "Don't you worry Trashmouth, you still look pretty without them."

Richie blushed a deep red, the kind of red that was impossible to miss even in the darkness of Rich Tozier's room, when Eddie said the word 'pretty' and brought his blanket up to his chin.

"What's up Rich? You're awful quiet all of a sudden," Eddie said in a teasing way. But that smile that seeming to be sewn into his lips immediately vanished and was replaced by an 'o' shape and he was the one who'd been rendered speechless when Richie's next words spilled from his own lips.

"Just thinking about how much I wanna kiss my Eddie-Bear."

Richie was the one smiling now. Deep, deep down there was a massive whirlpool of regret but Richie felt relieved – he had been wanting to say that to Eddie since – well, since he met the boy and every time he seen his cute Eddie Spaghetti wearing that stupid fanny pack. He'd wanted to kiss Eddie before they went into the sewers, he had wanted to kiss Eddie when he seen Ben kiss Beverly. Richie had wanted to kiss Eddie when he was screaming in terror and agony as a demonic clown was trying to kill them and Richie was trying to distract him.

Now or never Richard.

“Maybe you should stop thinking and start *doing* Richie,” Eddie’s voice, softer than the cotton-candy they shared at the Derry’s Canal Days Festival, interrupted Richie’s thinking.

Richie was shocked. Richie shouldn’t have been shocked because it was plainly obvious Eddie was in love with him, but he was because he was completely oblivious to it. Richie mentally told himself to man up and grow a pair but he still seemed to be paralysed with that goddamned shock.

Eddie laughed. Eddie shook his head in a loving way. Eddie couldn’t believe this was happening but he felt himself leaning in before he realised he was, no time to fully register the fact that Richie’s face smelled of cigarettes and gum and there was no time for Eddie to fully register the loud beating of both of the boys heart, perfectly in sync. Just as Eddie imagined the beating of soulmates’ hearts.

His lips are chapped. I love them.

Eddie pulled back, not realising they were, in fact, resting their heads on the same pillow.

Richie grinned. Oh boy, Richie Tozier grinned so wide he would have thought a watermelon could fit in there and his cheeks felt hotter than they did on a summer day in Ben’s backyard.

“I’m so in love with you my Eddie-Bear,” Richie said softly. Eddie thought he could just die of happiness. Instead he leaned forward again, his heart beating out of his chest – but not with fear or anxiety, no, his heart was beating with *love*. *For love. His heart was beating for Richie Trashmouth Tozier.*

Eddie’s lips melted into Richie’s.

I love you too.

Author's Note:

sorry if that was shit

my tumblr:

<http://richiemotherfuckingtozier.tumblr.com/>